

A Indication
OF A
STRANGE ACTION OF
NERO.

In burying with a solemn

FVNERALL

One of the cast HAYRES of his
Mistresse POPPEA.

Also a iust reproofe of a Romane sinell
Feast, being the fifth Satyre of

IVVENALL.

Translated by *George Chapman.*

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M.DC.XXIX.

STANGE ACTION

EVERALL

Also a list of the names of the persons who have been

IVVEALL

Geo. Stevens.

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M. D. C. C. X. X. I.



TO THE RIGHT
VIRTVOVS AND WOR-

thily honoured Gentleman R I-

CHARD HVBERT,

Esquire.

SIR, Greate workes get
little regard ; little and
light are most affected
with height : *Omne le-
ue sursum ; grave deor-
sum*, you know ; For which, and be-
cause Custome or Fashion, is ano-
ther Nature, and that it is now the
fashion to iustifie Strange A ctions ; I
(vttterly against mine owne fashion)
followed the vulgar, and assaid what

might bee said, for iustification of a
Strange Action of *Nero* ; in bury-
ing with a solemne Funerall one of
the cast hayres of his Mistresse *Pop-
pea*. And not to make little labours
altogether vnworthy the fight of the
great; I say with the great defender of
little labours, *In tenui labor est, at te-
nuis non gloria*. Howsoeuer ; As Sea-
men seeing the aproches of *VV*hales
cast out empty vessells, to serue their
harmefull pleasures, and diuert them
from euerting their maine aduen-
ture ; (for in the vast and immane
power of any thing, nothing is dis-
tinguished; great and precious things,
basest and vilest serue alike their wild
and vnwildy swinges) so my selfe ha-
uing yet once more some worthier
worke then this Oration, and follow-
ing Translation, to passe this sea of
the

the land; expose to the land and vulgar Leviathan, these slight adventures. The rather, because the Translation containing in two or three instances, a preparation to the iustification of my ensuing intended Translations, lest some should account them, as they haue my former conuersions in some places; licenses, bold ones, and utterly redundant. Though your iudiciall selfe (as I haue heard) hath taken those liberall redundances, rather as the necessary ouerflowings of *Nilus*; then rude or harmefull torrents swolne with headstrong showers. To whose iudgement and merit, submits these and all his other seruices,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

A 3

TO

To the Reader.

BEcause in most opinions of translation, a most asinine error hath gotten eare and head, that men must attempt it as a mastery in rendring any originall into other language, to doe it in as few words, and the like order ; I thought it not amisse in this pore portion of translation ; to pick out (like the rotten out of Apples if you please so to repute it) apooore instance or two that endeavour to demonstrate a right in the contrary. And the rather I take this course ocularly to present you with example of what I esteeme fit to saue the liberty and dialect of mine owne language ; because there are many valetudinaries, that neuer know the goodnesse of their stomacke till they see meat afore them.

Where therefore the most worthy Satyrist, describes the differences of pages that attend the Lord and the guest at the table, and expressees the disdain of the Lords page to attend his guest ; he speakes for his pride thus ;

— fed forma fed atas
digna supercilio — Which I take out with
this bold one: And

And to say truth, his forme and prime beside
May well allow him some few grains of pride.
To speake truth, is too much, you say ; I confesse
it, in policy ; but not in free and honest poesie. In
the other, the words are vtterly altered ; it
should be so, to avoid verball seruitude. But
the sense, I might wish my betters could render
no worse. It followes ; where hee sets downe
the difference betwixt the Lords bread and the
guests ; where he hath plaid vpon the courtesie
and mustinesse of the guests pantry ; he differen-
ces his Lords thus ;

Sed tener & niveus, mollique filigine factus,
Servatur domino. Which I thus ;

But for his bread, the pride of appetite,
Tenderly soft, incomparably white, (paste
The first flowre of fine meale subdu'd in
That's a peculiar for my Lords owne taste.

O this you will say is a bold one ; which I am
too bashfull to answer otherwise then thus, that
here the purest bread affects a full description ;
which I amplifying no more then is needfull for
the full facture of it ; if I be ouerflowing, my Au-
thor is arid ; but who would not greedily here
haue false vpon snowy ? it lying so faire for him,

put

put soft faithfully in his proper place, and would
euer haue dreamed of subdu'd in paste? because
it was not put in his mouth. And I hope it will
seem no ouer-broad bold one, to enter where the
purest bread out of industry, should make his ex-
pected apparance. A number more out of this
of no number, I could instance, that would trou-
ble men made of greatest number to imitate. But
all mastery hath his end, to get great men to com-
mend. It is the outward not the inward vertue
that preuailes. The candlestick more then the can-
dle, is the learning with which blind fortune useth
to preferre her fauorites. And who but the
spawnes of candlesticks (men of most lubrication
for name) winne the day from such Dormise as
wake sleeping; and rest onely in those vnprofita-
ble and abhord knowledges, that no man either
praises or acknowledges.

Me dulcis saturet q. i. es. Leni perfruar ocio.
Ignotus omnibus. Cognitus egomet mihi.
Quite opposite to your admir'd and knowne lear-
ned man. Qui notus nimis omnibus, Ignotus
moritur sibi. And so shall know nothing either
in life or death when euery truly-learned mans
knowledge especially begins. Your seruant.



THE
FVNERALL ORATION
made at the buriall of one of POP-
PEAS hayres.

THis solemne Pageant graced with so glorious a Presence as your Highnesse selfe, and others, as you see, that mourne in their gowns and laugh in their sleeues; may perhaps breed a wonder in those that know not the cause, and laughter in those that know it. To see the mighty Emperor of *Rome* march in a mourning habit, and after him all the state of the Empire either present or presented; The Peeres in person though with drie eyes, yet God knowes their hearts; Others in their Rankes; One
 B representing

representing the state of a Courtier (as I iudge by his legge;) another of a Citizen (as I iudge by his head;) another of a Souldier, (as I iudge by his looke;) another the state Poeticall (as I iudge by his clothes;) for the state Physicall, it hath no place heere; for who euer saw a Physitian follow a Funerall? To see, I say, all this Assemblie masking in this Funerall pomp; could hee that saw it imagine any lesse Funerall subiect would follow, then the Herse of your deare Mother *Agrippina*? or your beloued wife *Octavia*? or else of her whom you preferre to them both, your diuine *Poppaea*? At least who would imagine, that a poore hayre broken loose from his fellowes; or shaken off, like a windfall from the golden tree before his time; should haue the honour of this Imperiall solemnitie: And bee able to glory like the flie in the Cart; good heauen what a troope of fooles haue I gathered together?

It is fatall to all honourable actions to fall vnder the scourge of detraiting tongues, and for the most part to bee condemn'd before

fore they come to triall. In regard whereof, I will borrow so much of your patience, as that I may in a word or two examine the whole ground of this spectacle: Not doubting but that I shall make it appeare to all vpright eares, that it is an action most worthy your wisdom (my gracious Sovereigne) and that this filly, this base, this contemptible hayre on this Herse supported, receiues no thought of honour, but what it well deserueth. *Etiam capillus unus habet umbram suam*, was the saying of your master *Seneca*; and may not your Highnesse goe one step further, and say, *Etiam capillus unus habet urnam suam*? To enter into the common place of womens hayre, I list not; though it would afford scope enough for my pen to play in; that Theame hath beene already canuast, and worne halfe threedbare by Poets and their fellowes. My meaning is not to exceede the compasse of this hayre, which we haue here in hand. This sacred beame false from that sunne of beauty *Poppes*; whose very name is able to giue it honour, though otherwise base. And al-

beit hayre were of it selfe the most abiect
 excrement that were, yet should *Poppas*
 hayre be reputed honourable. I am not ig-
 norant that hayre is noted by many as an
 excrement, a fleeting commodity, subiect to
 spring, and fall; & he whose whole head last
 day was not worth one hayre, it shall bee
 in as good estate the next day as it was euer
 before: And such as last yeare had as faire a
 crop of haire as euer fruitfull head afforded;
 if there come but a hot summer; it shall bee
 so smooth that a man may slur a Dye on't.
 An excrement, it is, I deny not; and yet are
 not all excrements to be vilified as things of
 no value: for Muske, Ciuet, Amber, are they
 not all excrements? yet what more plea-
 sing to the daintiest tence wee haue? Na-
 ture giues many things with the left hand,
 which Art receiues with the right: Subli-
 mate and other drugges are by nature poy-
 son: yet Art turnes them to wholsome me-
 dicines; so hayre though by nature giuen vs
 as an excrement, yet by Art it is made our
 capitall ornament. For whereas the head is
 accounted the chiefe member of the body,
 hayre

(5)

hayre is giuen vs as the chiefe ornament of the head ; I meane of womens heads ; for men haue other ornaments belonging to their heads, as shall hereafter appeare more largely. And howsoeuer hayre falls within the name of excrement ; yet it is euer more the argument of a rancke or rich soyle where it growes, and of a barren where it failes ; for I dare bouldly pronounce in despight of all paltry prouerbs, that a mans wit is euer rankest, when his hayre is at the fullest. I say not his wit is best, but rankest ; for I am not ignorant, that the rankest flesh is not alwayes the soundest, as the rankest breath is not alwaies the sweetest. And thus much more I will adde for the generall commendation of hayre, that nature in no part hath exprest such curious and subtrill skill as in this (as wee terme it) excrement ; for what more excellent point of Art can there be, then to indurate and harden a thinne vapor into a dry and solid substance ? And this whole bush of hayre, hath both his being and his nourishment from those sweet vapors, which
B 3 breathe

breathe and steame from the quintessence of the braine, through those subtrill pores of the head in which they are fashioned and spunne by natures finger into so slender and delicate a thred, as if she intended to doe like the painter that came to see *Apelles*, drew that subtrill lyne for a masterpeece of his workmanship. And besides the highest place giuen to the hayre, and singularity of workmanship exprest in it, Nature hath endowed it with this speciall priuiledge, and left therein so great an impression of her selfe, as it is the most certaine marke by which we may ayme at the complexion and condition of euery man; as red hayre on a man is a signe of trechery, what tis in a woman, let the sweet musique of rime inspire vs; a soft hayre chicken-hearted; a harsh hayre churlish natur'd; a flaxen hayre foolish brain'd; what a black-hayr'd man is aske the prouerbe; if ye belecue not that, aske your wiues; if they will not tell you, looke in your glasse, and ye shall see it written on your forehead. So that nature hauing honoured hayre with so great a priuiledge

ledge of her fauour, why should wee not
 thinke it worthy all honour in it selfe with-
 out any addition of other circumstance.
 And if Nature hath gract the whole Gar-
 land with this honour, may not euery
 flower challenge his part? If any hayre,
 then this hayre (the argument of our pre-
 sent mourning) more then any: But wee
 must not thinke (Princes and Senators) that
 the vndanted heart of our Emperour, which
 neuer was knowne to shrinke at the but-
 chering of his owne mother *Agrippina*;
 and could without any touch of remorse,
 heare (if not behold) the murther of his most
 deare wife *Ostauia* after her diuorce; wee
 must not thinke (I say) this Adamantine
 heart of his could resolue into softnesse, for
 the losse of a common or ordinary hayre.
 But this was (alas why is it not) a hayre of
 such rare and matchlesse perfection, whe-
 ther ye take it by the colour or by the sub-
 stance, as it is impossible for nature in her
 whole shop to patterne it: So subtrill and
 slender as it can scarce be seene, much lesse
 felt; and yet so strong as it is able to binde

Hercules

Hercules hand and foot; and make it another of his labors to extricate himselfe. In a word it is such a flowre as growes in no garden but *Poppaas*; borne to the wonder of men, the enuie of women, the glory of the Gods, &c. A hayre of such matchlesse perfection, that if any where it should be found by chance, the most ignorant would esteeme it of infinite value, as certaynely some hayres haue beene. The purple hayre of *Nisus*, whereon his kingdome and life depended, may serue for an instance. And how many yong gallants doe I know my selfe, euery hayre of whose chin, is worth a thousand crowns; and others (but simple fornicators) that haue neuer a hayre on their crownes, but is worth a Kings rancome? At how much higher rate then shall we value this hayre, which if it were not *Poppaas*, yet being such as it is, it deseru'd high estimation; but being *Poppaas* (if it were not such) it can bee worth no lesse. When therefore a hayre of this excellence is fallen like an Apple from the golden Tree, can the losse bee light? And can such losse doe lesse then beget a iust and vnfayned

fayned griefe, not proceeding from humour
 in our Emperour, nor flattery in vs, but out
 of true iudgement in vs all ? Albeit I must
 adde this for the qualifying of your griefe
 (most sacred Emperour) that this diuine
 hayre is not vtterly lost ; It is but sent as a
 Harbenger before, the rest must follow it :
 And in the meane time this remains in blef-
 sed estate; it is at rest ; it is free from the trou-
 ble and incombrance, which her miserable
 fellowes that suruiue are dayly enforc't to
 endure. The cruell combe shall no more fa-
 sten his teeth vpon it ; it shall no more bee
 tortured with curling bodkins, tied vp each
 night in knots, wearied with tyres, and by
 all meanes barr'd of that naturall freedome
 in which it was borne : And, which is a tor-
 ment aboue torments, subiect to the feare-
 full tincture of Age, and to change his am-
 ber hew into a witherd and mortified gray.
 From all this feare and trouble this happie
 hayre is freed ; it rests quietly in his Vrne,
 straight to bee consecrated as a relique vpon
 this altar of *Venus*, there to bee kept as her
 treasure, till it hath fetcht to it a fayre num-

ber more ; and then to be employed by *Venus*, eyther as a bracelet for her paramour *Mars*, or else (which I rather belecue) for a Periwig for her selfe ; all his fellowes and his Mistresse, hauing from it taken the infection of the falling sicknesse. *Dixi.*

D. Iunij

(11)



D. JVNII
IVVENALIS

LIB. I. SAT. 5.

To Trebius.

Labouring to bring him in dislike of his
continued course of frequenting the
Table of VIRRO, a great
Lord of Rome.

I F of thy purpose yet, thou tak'st
no shame,
But keep'st thy minde (immu-
tably) the same,
That thou esteem'st it as a
good in chiefe
At others Trenchers to relieue thy life:

C 2

If

If those things thou canst find a backe to beare,
 That not Sarmenus, nor vile Galba were
 So base to put in patience of a guest,
 No, not for Cæsars far-exceeding feast:
 Feare will affect me to bleue thy troth
 In any witnessse, though produc'd by oath.
 For nothing in my knowledge fals, that is
 More frugall then the belly: but say this
 That not enough food all thymeanes can find,
 To keepe thy gut from emptinesse and wind
 Is no Creeke void? no Bridge? no peece of shed
 Halfe, or not halfe? Would thy not being fed
 At Virro's Table be so foule a shame?
 Does hunger blow in thee so false a flame?
 As not to tast it nobler in as poore
 And vile a place as hath beene nam'd before?
 To quake for cold, and gnaw the mustiest grounds
 Of Barly-griest (bak'd purposely for hounds)
 First, take it for a Rule, that if my Lord
 Shall once be pleas'd to grace thee with his bord,
 The whole reuenewes that thy hopes inherit
 Rising from seruices of ancient merit,
 In this requitall amply paid will prooue.
 O'tis the fruit of a transcendent loue,
 To giue one victuals; That, thy Table-King
Layes

Lyes in thy dish, though nere so thinne a thing,
 Yet that reproch, still in thine eares shall ring.
 If therefore after two moneths due neglect
 He deignes his poore dependant to respect,
 And lest the third bench faile to fill the ranck,
 He shall take thee vp to supply the blanck.
 Let's sit together Trebius (saies my Lord)
 See all thy wishes sum'd vp in a word.
 What canst thou aske at loues hand after this?
 This grace to Trebius, enough ample is;
 To make him start from sleepe before the Larke,
 Poasting abroad vntrus'd, and in the darke
 Perplex'd with feare, lest all the seruile-rout
 Of his saluters, haue the round run-out
 Before he come; whiles yet the fixed Starre
 Shewes his ambiguous head; and heauens cold Car
 The slow Bootes wheelles about the Beare.
 And yet for all this, what may be the cheare?
 To such vile wine, thy throat is made the sinck
 As greasie woll, would not endure to drink,
 And we must shortly looke to see our guest
 Transform'd into a Berecynthian- Priest.
 Words make the Prologue to prepare the fray,
 And in the next Scene, Pots are taught to play
 The parts of weapons: Thy red Napkin now

Descends to tell thee of thy broken-Brow :
And such euents doe euermore ensue
When you poore Guests, and Virro's seruing crue
Grow to the heat of such vnciuill Warrs,
The vile Wine made the Bellowes to your Iarrs.
For Virro's-selfe, the wine he drinks was borne
When Consuls (Phæbus-like) appear'd vnshorn,
A Grape that long since in the wars was prest
By our confederate-Marlians, and the rest
Of which, no drop his longing-frend can git
Though blowne in fume up with a Cardiake fit.
Next day he likes to taste another field,
The Albane hills, or els the Setine yeeld
Whose race and rich succession if you aske,
Age hath decayd, and sicknesse of the caske,
Such Thrasea & Heluidius quast, stil crownd
When Brutus birth, and Cassius they renownd.
Virro himselfe in solemn Bowles is seru'd
Of Amber, and dissparent Beryl kern'd;
But to thy trust, no such Cup they commit,
Or if they doe, a Spie is fix'd to it
To tell the stones; whose firme eye neuer fayles
To watch the close walks of thy vulturous nails,
Giue leaue (saies Virro) and then takes the Cup,
The famous Iasper in it lifting-up

Inglorious prayſes : for 'tis now the guiſe
 Of him and others to transferre ſuch prize
 Off from his fingers to his Bowls ; that were
 Wont to grace ſwords : & our yong Trojan Peere
 That made Iarbus iealous (ſince in loue
 Prefer'd paſt him by Dido) vs'd t' improve
 By ſetting them in fore-front of his ſheath ;
 But thy Bowle ſtands an infinite beneath
 And beares the Beneuentane Coblers name,
 Whoſe Gallon drunke-off, muſt thy bloud enflame
 And is ſo craz'd, That they would let it paſſe
 To them that Matches giue, for broken Glaſſe ;
 Now, if by fumes of wine, or fiery-meat
 His Lordſhips ſtomacke ouer-boyle with heat,
 Ther's a cold liquor broght that's made t'outvie
 The chill impreſſions of the North-Eaſt-ſkie.
 ¶ formerly affirm'd, that you and he
 Were ſeru'd with wines of a diſtinct degree,
 But now remember it belongs to you
 To keepe your diſtance in your water too.
 And (in his Pages place) thy Cups are brought
 By a ſwarth foot man, from Getulia brought,
 Or ſome ſteru'd Negro, whoſe affrightfull ſight
 Thou wouldſt abhorre to meet in dead of night
 Paſſing the monuments of Latia,

In his eye waites the flowre of Asia,
 A Iewell purchas'd at a higher rate
 Then Martiall Ancus, or King Tullus State.
 (Not to stand long) Then all the idle things
 That grac'd the Courts of all our Roman Kings
 If then thy Bowle his Nectars store shall neede
 Adresse thee to his Indian Ganymed.
 Thinke not his page, worth such a world, can skill
 Or does not scorne, for thred bare Coates to fill,
 And (to say truth) his forme and prime beside,
 May well allow him some few Graines of pride.
 But when does he, to what thou want'st descend?
 Or thy entreaties, not contemnet attend?
 Supply of water craving, hot or cold:
 No, he (I tell you) in high scorne doth hold
 To stirre at euery stale dependants call;
 Or that thou call'st for anything at all, (prauces;
 Or sit'st where he's forc'd-stand, his pride de-
 Houses of State abound with stately slaues.
 And see, another's proud disdaines resist
 His hand to set thee bread. And yet what is't
 But hoary cantles of vnborlsted grist?
 That would a iaw-tooth rowze, and not admit
 (Though nere so base) thy baser throat a bit.
 But for his bread, the pride of appetite,

Tenderly

Tenderly soft, incomparably white;
 The first flowre of fine meale, subdu'd in paste,
 That's a peculiar for my Lords owne taste;
 See then thou keep'st thy fingers from offence,
 And giue the Pantler his due reuerence:
 Or say thou should'st be (malepertly) bold,
 Seest thou not slaues enough, to force thy hold
 From thy attempted prize, with taunts like these,
 Hands off, for ward companion, will you please
 With your familiar Crible to be fed,
 And vnderstand the colour of your bread?

Then grumbles thy disgrace: and is it this
 For which so oft I haue forborne the blisse
 Of my faire wife, to poast with earliest speed
 Vp to Mount Esculino, where agnes breede?
 When my repaire did vernall love prouoke,
 To drine his wether through my winter cloake
 And in his bitter'st hailes, his murmurs broake?
 But let vs to our Cates, our course addresse
 Obserue that Lobster seru'd to Virro's messe,
 How with the length of his extended limbes
 He does surcharge the Charger: how the brims
 With lust-full Sperage are all ouer-stor'd?
 With what a taile, he ouer-tops the bord?
 In service first borne-yp betwixt the hands

Of that vast Teoman ; But, for thee, there stands
 A puny Cray-fish, pent in halfe a shell,
 The dish not feast enough for one in Hell.
 The fish he tastes, swimmes in an oyle that grew
 In Campany, and drank Venafrian Dew.
 But, for the Worts (poore snake) presented thee,
 Whose pale aspect, shewes their infirmity ;
 They drinke an oyle, much of the Curriers stamp,
 Exquisite stuffe, that saours of the lamp.
 For know, that for your Bord, is billeted
 An Oyle that from the Lybian Cane is shed
 The burthen of a sharpe Numidian Prow ;
 An Oyle, for whose strength Romans disauow
 To Bathe with Boccharis : an Oyle whose smell
 Gainst Serpents, doth an Amulet excell.

Next, for my Lord, a Mullet see seru'd-in,
 Sent from the Corficke shore ; or of a fin
 Bred in Sicilia's Taurominian-Rockes,
 All our Seas being exhausted : all our Flockes
 Spent and destroy'd, while our luxurious diet
 Makes hauocke, and our Kitchens neuer quiet
 Still with vnwearied nets, that no truce keepe
 Ransacke the entrayles of th' adioyning deepe ;
 Nor respite our Etturian Frie to grow,
 And now our markets, their chief purueiance owe
 To

To some remote, and ditionary coast ; (boast.
 Thence come the Dainties, that our Kitchens
 Such as to buie, the vulture Lenas deignes :
 Such as to sell, Aurelia enterteines.
 In messe with that, behold for Virro lies
 A Lamprey of an exemplary Size,
 That for dimension beares the price from all
 Which Gulphes Sicilian sent his Festiuall,
 For while the South conteynes himselfe, while he
 Lies close, and dries his feathers in his Lee,
 Our greedy Pursenets for their gaine despise
 The danger that in mid Charibdis lies.

Now for his Lamprey, thou art glad to take
 An Eele, neere cozen to a hideous Snake,
 Or els a freckled-Tiberine, bit with frost,
 And he, the poorest slaue of all the coast ;
 Fed with the torrent of the common Sewer,
 And swims the towne-ditch, (where 'tis most im-
 Here would I on himself a word haue spent, pure.
 So he inclind an eare beneuolent :
 Nor doe we such beneuolences craue,
 As Seneca As meane acquaintance gaue ;
 Such as good Piso ; such as Cotta made
 To deale for Largeesse ; a familiar Trade ;
 For times haue beene, that in the worlds account,

The title of munificent did mount
 Aboue triumphant, or imperiall Baies :
 But our desire, in this due limit staies,
 That you will make, when you entreat a guest,
 (I will respect the Steward of your Feast :
 Doe this and be (as many Lords are more)
 Rich to your-selfe, and to your followers, poore.

Before him see a huge Goose-liuer set,
 A Capon cramb'd, euen with that Goose, for great
 A whole wild Boare, hid in his smoaking heat
 That gold-lock't Meleagers dart deseru'd,
 And after all this, Virro's-selfe is seru'd (freed,
 With pure dress'd Musbroms : be the spring then
 And wished thunders, make his meales exceed.
 And then the Gully-gut (Aledius) cries
 O Lybia, keepe with thee thy Wheates and Ries,
 And ease thy Oxen, sending these supplies.
 And that no indignation want to thee;
 (As bound t'obserue) the Caruer thou must see
 Dancing about his businesse : and he
 That teaches him the Lawes, to the true life
 Of caruing comely; with his flying knife
 Touching at euery ioynt he carnes, before
 He dares th'attempt; till not a gesture more
 In all his dictates can deserue offence,

Nor

Nor must your note faile, how huge difference
 There is 'twixt the unlacing of your bare,
 And Hens dissection: gainst which, if you dare
 But whisper, like a three-nam'd Noble man,
 Like Cacus, struck by hands-Herculean, (place:
 Thou shalt bee, by the beeles, drag'd forth the
 But when doth Virro then vouchsafe the grace
 To drinke to thee? Or touch the Cup that thou
 hast, with thy lippes prophan'd? Or which of you
 So desperate is? so lost? to bid the King
 Drinke to me Sir? No: there is many a thing,
 That thred-bare coates dare not for feare bring
 But if some god, or god-like man; or worth forth,
 Better then Fate, would Wealth bestow on thee,
 Fit to maintaine a Knight of Romes degree,
 How huge a peece of man shouldst thou ascend
 Rais'd out of nothing? how much Virro's friend?
 Giue Trebius; Set to Trebius; Brother (now)
 Please you these puddings taste? O moneys, you
 He giues this honour: you, these Brother are,
 Yet notwithstanding, if thou please to share
 His Lordship with him; or become his King
 You must to Court no young Aeneas bring
 Nor daughter (though his daintier) to be
 Play-pheeres with Virro's daintiest progenie;

But Childlesse be : a pleasing and deare friend
 A barren wife makes : but suppose she lend
 Thy lappe much issue (euen at one birth three)
 So thou be Rich, Virro will ioine with thee,
 In ioy of that thy prating progenie ;
 And euer when the Infant Parasite
 Comes to the Table, asking his delight,
 Virro commands it, all his appetite } (bord
 To all his cheap-priz'd friends, they serue the
 With dangerous Toad-stooles : Musbroms for my
 But such as Claudius pleas'd to tast, before Lord,
 His wifs guift came, that made him tast no more.

Virro commands for him, and all the rest
 Of the Virronian rancke, fruit of such Feast
 As thou shalt onely in their odour eat ;
 Such as Phæacia's endlesse autumnes sweat ;
 Or thou wouldst thinke got from the golden trees
 That grew in guard of the Atlantides,
 Where thou eat'st spaky fruit, of that sowre sort
 That fresh-traind-souldiers feed on in their fort,
 Bestow'd on them in practise of their Art
 At a stufte goat-skin, to bestow a dart,
 Fearing for their defaults, the scourges smart.
 Perhaps, for sauing cost, thou maist conceiue
 That Virro feeds thee so : No : 'tis to greene

Thy

Thy greedy liquorous appetite, because
 There is no Comedy of more applause,
 Nor any excellentest Zany can,
 More then a weeping-gut, delight a man :
 All is then done : (if we must teach thine eares)
 To make thee purge thy choler by thy teares,
 And liue still gnawing of thy great-eye-teeth,
 Thou think'st, he thinks thee free; & not beneath
 Guests for his loue and Grace: but he knowes well
 Thee onely taken with his kitchen-smell :
 Nor thinks amisse : For who, so naked liues,
 That twice, on his entreates, attendance giues ?
 Vaine hope of supping well, deceiues you all:
 But see (say you) that halfe-eat hare will fall
 In his gift, to our shares : Or of that bore
 Some little fragments, that his Hanches wore :
 Or sure that Cap'net ; when, for all prepar'd ;
 (Your musty bread par'd cleane) and no bit shar'd
 Of all those meats of marke, and long'd for dishes
 Your vaine hopes vanisb, and yare mute as filbes.
 He's wise that serues thee so : for if thou can
 Beare all, thou should'st: and he's no vniust man
 That layes all on thee, euen to stoope thy head
 To the fooles Razor, and be buffered :

Which

(24)
Woe if thou dost, nor lest thy Forerunner
Bodesto suffer Virro's whipping cheere,
With all the sharpe Sauce, that he can extend,
Thou'rt worthy such a feast, and such a friend.

FINIS.

